

The Forerunner.

Sweetwater, Thursday, Aug. 13, 1868.

A SEWING MACHINE.

One of the kind that a man can love,
That wears a shawl and soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eye and the daintiest foot,
And sports a charming gaiter boot;
And a bonnet with feathers, ribbons and loops,
And an indefinite number of hoops.

One that can dance and possibly flirt,
And make a pudding as well as a shirt,
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady or witch;
Ready to give us the sagest advice,
And do up our collars and things so nice.

We like that sort that can laugh and talk,
And take our arm for an evening's walk;
That do whatever the owners may choose,
With the slightest possible turn of the screws,
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
Our wonderful family sewing machine.

General Buell.

The Evansville Courier says:

"We had the pleasure of meeting Gen. D. C. Buell yesterday, who paid our city a flying visit. The General expresses himself greatly pleased with the nominations made by the Democratic Convention, and predicts for the ticket a glorious victory."

General Buell is the man who saved Grant and his shattered army from an inglorious defeat at Shiloh. Because he was an able and patriotic General, and not a parasite of the Radical clique at Washington, he fell a victim to their foul machinations. Had he been a pet of Stanton's and the Washburnes, he would have been placed in command, and Grant would have been retired after that battle.

[Albany Argus.]

Calling Things By Their Right Names.

A subscriber wrote to us last week to stop his paper, as the Record was "too abusive and scurrilous" to suit his taste. Our fastidious critic did not condescend to point out the particular article that offended his sensitive organization, and therefore left us to infer that it was the general tone of the paper that he objected to. Well, tastes differ.

Now, we are in the habit of calling a thief a thief, and a ruffian a ruffian, and a vagabond on a pedestal is the same to us as a vagabond in a pillory. We have not one class of epithets for respectable miscreants and another for low-down wretches, and in our eyes a drunken loafer is not less a drunken loafer because he writes "General" before or after his name. So thinking, we write. Our correspondent would throw rose-water upon rats; we think bilge-water too good for them—and there's where we differ.

We do not envy the man who can stop to pick his words when crime is to be denounced; whose tranquil blood no outrage sets a-bounding; who can be courteous to a cutthroat and polite to a perjurer; whose vocabulary has nothing coarser than "oh, fie!" and whose sickly taste cannot tolerate plain English. Such, of course, will not like the Record. We do not expect they will—we are determined they never shall!—Met. Record.

Radical Economy.

We have before us a statement of the contingent expenses of the United States House of Representatives for several years past. During the war these expenses increased to an alarming extent, but the Radicals justified this increase on the ground that we were engaged in civil war, and the people then thought it was all right. But war has closed, and the question recurs, have these expenses been curtailed? The figures show that these expenses have not diminished, but that they have really increased! The official statement before us shows that the expenses of the House of Representatives have increased as follows, since the war:

Increase in 1865 over 1864.....	\$128,254
Increase in 1866 over 1864.....	108,808
Increase in 1867 over 1864.....	148,451
Increase in 1868 over 1864.....	371,925

Aggregate increase in four years \$757,438

Tax-payers! look at and consider these figures. Here, in a period of profound peace, we have an increase of seven hundred and fifty-seven thousand four hundred and thirty-eight dollars in the contingent expenses of the House of Representatives alone! It is astounding. There can be no excuse that any portion of this large increase was caused for "reconstruction," or any other object rendered necessary by the war. It has simply been wasted in gold pens, pen-knives, scissors, pomades and other luxuries for the use of the Radical members and their families. Yes, under the eyes, and with the full knowledge and permission of Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House and candidate for Vice President, this wholesale system of plunder and robbery has gone on till the expenses of the House have become enormous. These expenses for the fiscal year ending the 30th of June alone, amounted to the enormous sum of 725,555 dollars, or \$371,925 more in a year of peace than in 1864 a year of war! Shall these things continue? Shall this wholesale robbery go on from year to year until the public treasury is depleted and the government bankrupt? It is with the people, the tax-payers, to say.

Orville Grant.

One member of the Grant family was not trotted out at the Chicago Radical Convention. This was Orville Grant, Esq., brother to the General, and a prominent and respectable merchant in Chicago. Although so near at hand as to render his presence easily obtained, he was neglected, and not allowed to render his tribute to his brother's many merits. The state of the case, as we understand it, is that Orville Grant refuses to vote for his brother, considering him unfit, by his character and habits to occupy the Presidential chair; that he lately presented to a Chicago church, of which he is a member, the sum of \$500, and to the Chicago Democratic Club the sum of \$1000. A clergyman who suggested to him that it would have been better to reverse these gifts, was informed by Mr. Grant, in reply, that upon a careful consideration of the state of the country and the character of the two candidates, he rather thought he ought to have doubled the present to the Democratic Club! It is also said that Mr. Gage, the proprietor of the Sherman House at Chicago, who would have voted the Republican ticket had another candidate been nominated, is now for Seymour, and willing that the Democratic Clubs of Chicago should make his celebrated hotel their headquarters. Another indication of the way the tide is setting in that city was the presence of five or six hundred Republicans at the Seymour ratification meeting in Chicago, who cheered as lustily as any of the Democrats.

Growls From the Beast.

Beast Butler was in town a day or two ago, on his way from Washington to Lowell.

A personal acquaintance accosting him on the steps of the Hoffman House, asked him what he thought of political prospects.

Butler—"Well, things are looking well enough, but they would look much better if we hadn't so many d—d lunatics connected with Republican newspapers in this city."

Friend—"Who are the lunatics, General?"

Butler—"Who? Why, there's old Greeley, who is eternally making an ass of himself, especially on the financial question. His Tribune is all wrong on the bond business. We shall lose Ohio, sure, and I've great doubt whether we can make much of a fight even in Pennsylvania."

Friend—"By the way, General, I see the Herald of this morning has flopped over again to our side. Bennett is going in strong for Grant. Isn't that a good sign?"

Butler—"No; it's a d—d bad sign. The Copperheads, I have no doubt, have hired old Bennett to oppose Seymour and Blair, as one of the most effective modes of electing them."

Friend—"I say, General, how about New York? Do you think we can carry New York—the State, I mean, not the city?"

Butler—"No, I don't think we can carry New York; don't think we can reverse the 45,000 Copperhead majority against us a year ago. But no matter. If we can only get Grant into the White House, by hook or by crook, we can easily put New York under martial law, so that Seymour and his friends will not be able to do any serious mischief."

Friend—"In that case, General, where will your place be?"

Butler—"Here sir; right here! The Hoffman House will be my headquarters. I shall be Military Governor here. My opportunity will then have come for settling accounts with those supporters of Governor Seymour who pelted me with rotten eggs in front of the City Hall two summers since."

Just at this moment the landress of the hotel was seen to be carefully packing up her table linen, at the same time that the landlord was packing up his spoons and plate, as if some notorious thief was near, occasioning such a panic among the bystanders (who were notified just then to "beware of pickpockets"), that the rest of the conversation was lost.—Record.

Seymour's Letter of Acceptance.

Mr. Seymour has written a letter formally accepting the nomination by the Democratic Convention. He says it was unsought and unexpected, but he was caught by the overwhelming tide which is bearing the country on to a great political change, and he finds himself unable to resist its pressure.

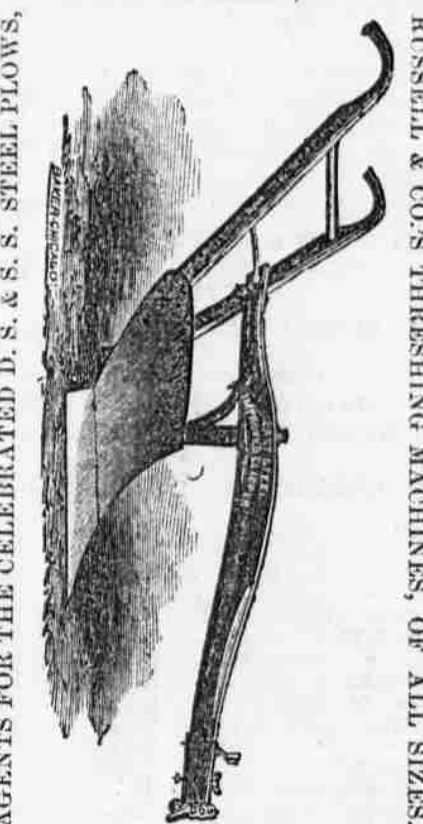
The resolutions adopted by the Convention accord with his views. He delayed a formal acceptance until the adjournment of Congress, for the purpose of seeing what light the action of Congress would throw upon the interests of the country. The Congressional party not only allied itself with the military power, which is to be brought to bear upon the elections in many of the States, but holds itself in perpetual session, with the avowed purpose of making such laws as it shall see fit, in view of the election soon to take place. Never before has Congress taken a menacing attitude towards elections. Under the influence of Congress, some of the States are preparing to deprive the people of the right to vote for Presidential electors, and thereby the first bold step has been taken to destroy the rights

of suffrage. He refers to the demands of the tax gatherers. Men are admitted as the representatives of some Southern States, with declarations upon their lips that they cannot live in the States which they claim to represent, without military protection. They owe their seats to the disorder of the South, and that very fact prompts them to keep it in anarchy. In vain the wisest Republicans have protested against this policy. There is hardly an able man who helped to build the Republican organization, who has not in the past three years warned it against excesses, while many have been driven from its ranks. Personally, the Presidential office has no attractions for him. During the war he had given sixteen thousand commissions to officers of the army, and he knows they demand the Union that they fought for. The largest meeting of these gallant soldiers ever held endorsed the action of the Democratic Convention. He does not doubt a triumph which will bring back peace and prosperity to our land, and give us once more the blessings of a wise, economical and honest government.

A skeptical young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker:

"Does thee believe in France?"
"Yes, for though I have not seen it I have seen others that have; besides there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."
"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others has not seen."
"No, to be sure I won't."
"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"
"No."
"Ever see anybody that did?"
"No."
"Does thee believe thee has any?"

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